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A GOOD WORK WELL BEGUN.

Commissioner Keating will to-day swear in the inspectors of license who are to have charge of the employment agencies, and the protective measures authorized by the Legislature for the safeguarding of domestic servants seeking places will become operative. Sixteen of the eighteen inspectors provided for have been appointed. They draw salaries of \$1,500 a year. The place of Chief Inspector, with a salary of \$3,000, and that of Deputy Chief, who will receive \$2,000, are yet to be filled.

The law creating this bureau is the direct fruit of the agitation following the revelations of the dangers to which young girls have been exposed at the hands of unscrupulous agents acting in the interest of disorderly houses. The existence of these human harpies, who cloaked an infamous traffic with the guise of respectability, was a disgrace to the city, and the law designed to remedy the evil for which they were responsible is legislation of the most commendable kind.

The work of the three women inspectors should give the commission an efficiency not attainable with male inspectors only.

THE CROWD THAT MINDED ITSELF.

By the official count 37,223 persons attended the baseball game of last Saturday afternoon at the Polo Grounds. The entire population of Galveston, Tex., in 1900, was 37,789; that of Haverhill, Mass., 37,175. At the great battle of Antietam the Confederates marshalled to the field only 35,255 men. At the battle of the Wilderness the Federal loss alone was 37,737.

The Polo Grounds gathering was sufficient to establish a flourishing city of the third class. In numbers it could have furnished forth an effective army. Let one who saw it in its full proportions think of its every member lying suddenly dead on the field, and the mind receives a new and terrible impression of the horrors of war.

A regiment of policemen stood about the edges of the crowd. Apparently it preserved order. But the real preservative of peace and safety within the baseball inclosure was the watching host's own predominant good nature and orderly good sense. The policemen were sufficient to restrain the few lawless individuals; they would have been helpless could the spirit of riot have seized the 37,000.

Crowds for occasions grow as all things else grow in these popular days. The question is sometimes asked, What is to be done with them as they get bigger and bigger? The Polo Grounds instance furnishes the answer. Proper official precautions are to be taken against any mischievous rabble; the great, solid, self-respecting body is to be left to the command of its own sense of responsibility. A fine thing about being absolutely free is that it presents so large a privilege of being decent.

KICKS THAT MAKE FOR PROGRESS.

An oldest inhabitant comes forward to testify that even in 1815 New Yorkers were kicking about the local transit facilities. This is pleasant intelligence, but not surprising. If nobody had kicked in those earlier years we might miss many accommodations out of these later ones. We have much to be grateful for in the memory of the able citizens who, in 1815, were keeping the ball of dissatisfaction rolling.

The kickers of ninety years ago went for lower fares and got them. Instead of twenty-five cents for a stage ride from Charles street to the Battery, the fare became twelve and a half cents. Progress and the kicking of three generations—much of the progress forced by the kicking—have brought local transit conditions to their present standing, and we are all glad to think that the end is not yet.

Unhappy under the abuse of natural monopolies is the city that has no kickers. Also, the united citizenly kick in time is better than an act of the Legislature.

If nobody had over remonstrated there would not have been the arrests last Saturday of twenty-two window-climbing hogs at the bridge terminal trains. Because of the well-aimed, persistent kick we shall have, some sweet day, bridge terminals where hogs will have no excuse and the decent no trouble. Moreover, a seat for every fare on every route and special half-fares for school children.

NEW STANDARD FOR WOMEN'S WORK.

The reasons advanced for the removal of the women employed in the Chicago stockyards are doubtless logical. Their work very likely is "brutalizing," as alleged, and "tends to dull the feminine sensibilities," as alleged, and "tends to dull the feminine sensibilities," as alleged, and "tends to dull the feminine sensibilities," as alleged.

As far back as 1890, as the census of that year showed, women had engaged in all the 220 recorded occupations for men except two: they were barred from service in the army and navy. Many had become plumbers, stone-masons, charcoal burners, miners, bricklayers, &c. For many of these trades women may have been thought to be physically unsuitable, and their representation in them likely to be reduced by a natural process of elimination. Apparently just the reverse has happened, while from some of the more congenial pursuits, as from office work for railroads, they have been ruled out because of ineligibility for promotion to executive positions.

The Chicago Packing-House Union is the first to raise formally the question of aesthetic eligibility. It is one susceptible of considerable hair-splitting argument.

THE MOSQUITO SEASON.

The mosquito's busy season begins with reports of his ravages at Flatbush and in New Jersey. The symptoms foretell this as a record year for his depredations, and that with his activity last July not forgotten. The ground was frozen to an unusual depth last winter, and an added stock of moisture provided the pernicious pest from which to draw nourishment and grow fat.

Happily, we are promised a remedy which is vouchsafed and certificated to as the only genuine simon-pure mosquito bane. It is the plant known as the phulo, which comes from Tonquin, and is nutritious to all beneficent members of the animal kingdom, such as horses and cattle, but sure death to the culex.

The diffusion of kerosene, on which the insects thrived, is fresh in mind, and a dozen other vaunted remedies have proved their worthlessness. But in the phulo there is a hope which afflicted humanity will indulge and cherish until the next sure-cure comes to replace it.

It Wasn't like the Old Kiss.

By
Nixola Greely - Smith.

"Didn't he bring you an umbrella and a bracelet which he put upon your arm and then kissed you?" asked the husband's lawyer.

"Yes," replied the fat petitioner for a divorce, "but it wasn't like the old kiss."—Yesterday's paper.

THE heroine of this interesting divorce court incident has introduced a new element into the sordid chronicles of domestic wrangling that enliven the daily newspapers, that of expert testimony on kissing.

But it is not enough for the lady to say that it was not like the old kiss. She should tell why, and state wherein there was a difference, so that her unenlightened sisters may be benefited by her experience and know at last whether they are getting the real thing in kisses or merely a more or less clever imitation.

There are a great many wives who would be very grateful to any one who by a combination of long experience and subtle analysis could explain how to tell the difference between the "old kiss" and the new.

Of course, any woman out of the vegetable class can feel the difference. But how is she to tell that the facts justify her feelings, and that the post-nuptial kiss perfunctory is not just the natural, inevitable transition from the dream realm of romance to the real world of fact?

It must be a gift surpassing that of great charm or supreme beauty or transcendent intelligence to be endowed with an emotional intuition so perfect as to detect at once the matrimonial crisis indicated by the change from the "old kiss."

But suppose every woman had it! What portent of doom sounds in the very suggestion. Every time a good, sober citizen left home in the morning, or returned at night, it would devote upon him to infuse the ardor of courtship days into his kiss of greeting, or good-bye, or as he face the prospect of immediate divorce.

The bracelet of atonement, the tiara of repentance, would no longer cover the occasional perfunctoriness of the best of husbands. It is the kiss that counts. It mattered not to the fair seeker after divorce whose explanation of her alienation from her husband was contained in the terse statement that his kiss upon his return from London was not like the old ones, that the bracelet he brought as a peace offering was of the finest. What after all is 24 karat gold, when served with counterfeit affection? True love is measured by embraces and not bracelets, and the returning husband whose kiss does not come up to the standard may take back his gold and await service in his wife's suit for divorce.

That is unless he is married to one of the calm, bovine beauties who believe that affection at its highest has a marigold quality of turning everything into the precious metal with which they love to adorn themselves, and that the road to domestic happiness starts with a sunburst, takes in the ear-rings and a necklace and culminates in a tiara.

For women of their temperament, or rather lack of it, will not worry if their husbands' kisses are not like the old ones, provided their pocketbooks remain the same, and he who finds it easier to preserve a status quo in jewelry rather than in affection had better be sure to select a wife from among their number.

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SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

WIDELY APART NOW.

From what he supposed was a safe distance the professor watched the ante-election riot.

A brick carelessly thrown came in his direction.

"Who would ever think," he mused, "that the words 'politics' and 'politics' came from the same root?"

For the professor simply can't help shedding information, even in the most unpropitious surroundings.—Chicago Tribune.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Miss Bizzey—I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here.

Mrs. Newcome—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Mrs. Bizzey, including an old book on "Etiquette" which I might have saved for you.—Philadelphia Press.

HASTE.

Impatient Young Man—Nellie, how is our romance—yours and mine—going to end?

Nellie (apprehensive)—Why, Geoffrey, you don't want to skip to the last chapter yet, do you?—Chicago Tribune.

ECONOMY.

Mrs. Buggins—Oh, I saw the dearest little hat to-day!

Mr. Buggins—That's just like you, always looking for the dearest, instead of the cheapest.—Philadelphia Record.

ON OLD LINES.

"Arrah, you're lookin' very sad," said Pat O'Hollahan, addressing his friend Denis the other day.

"Oh, feel sad!" responded Denis. "Give fast my mother-in-law. I tell you it's hard to lose your mother-in-law!"

"Hard?" exclaimed Pat. "B'gorrah, it's almost impossible!"—Chicago News.

MARY AND THE PIN.

Mary sat upon a pin.

But showed no perturbation.

For none of her was genuine.

But most was imitation.

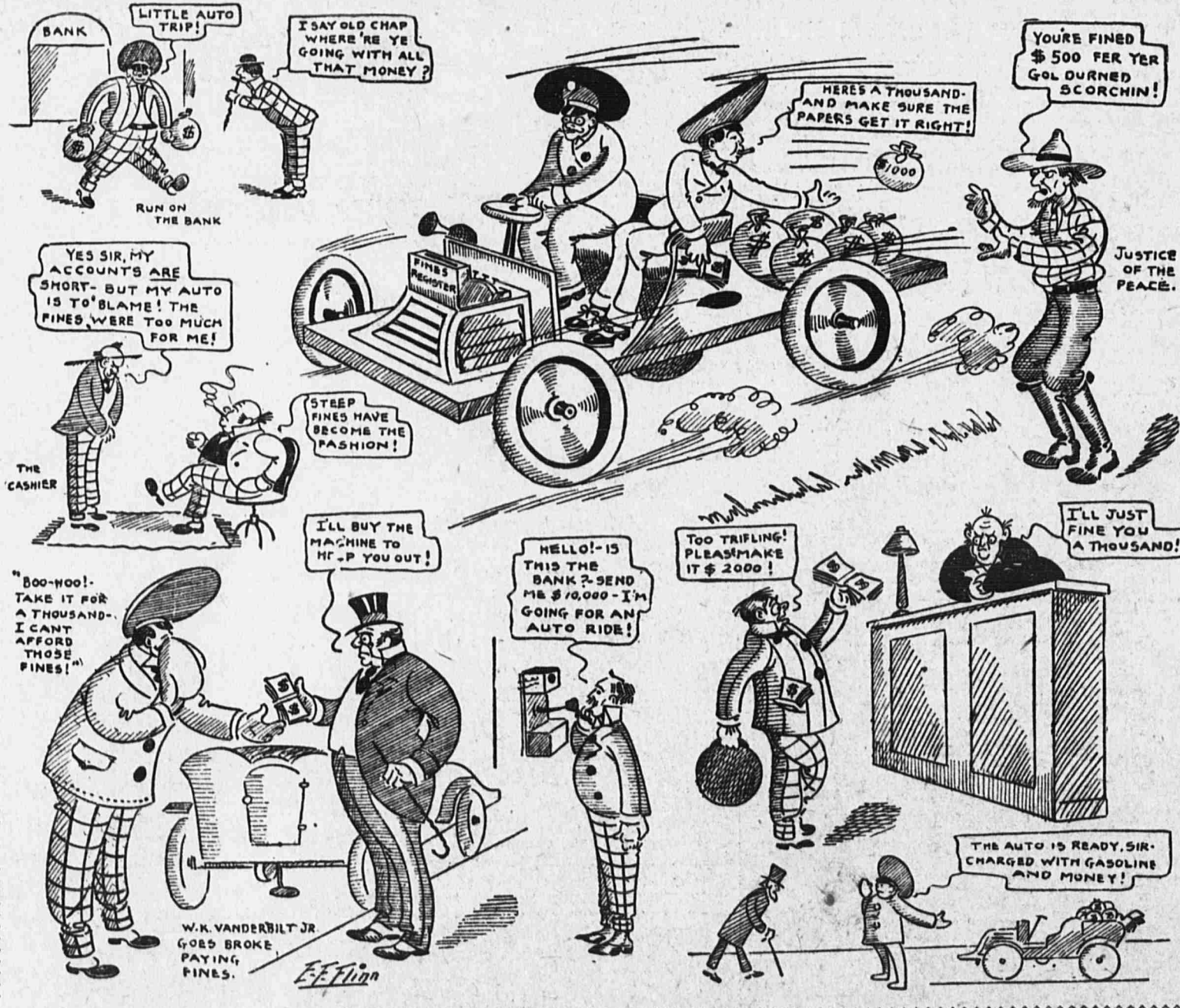
The Fiendish Art of Whistling

There Are Many Pastmasters of It in New York and They Don't by Any Means Conceal Their Lung Power.



It Costs Money Now to Speed an Auto

Under the New Law a Reckless Chauffeur Must Have a Bulging Bank Account.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

No. 1.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was Jack Dempsey killed by a blow from Robert Fitzsimmons? S. L. B. Point Pleasant, N. J.

Praise for a Dead Policeman.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
As to the sample of Jersey Justice which decreed that a girl is worth only half as much as a boy I would like to say I have a cousin who remained single to support her mother, a widow, the son having married. She cared for her mother in good style by teaching. She now owns a brown-stone mansion and is one of the head managers and teachers in a large institution of learning, commanding a high salary. Which do readers think is worth the more financially to that mother, her boy or her girl? B. L. Manuscript for Publication.

Black Is Not a Color.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is black a color? B. L. Manuscript for Publication.

How should a beginner go about preparing and sending a contribution to one of the current magazines? To whom should he address himself, and should he enclose his contribution with his letter or send his letter and his contribution separate? D. H. J. Have your manuscript typewritten. Write your name and address on upper left-hand corner of first page. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage, and accompany the manuscript with a brief note as possible. Address "The Editor of Magazine," manuscript, stamped envelope and note should all go in one cover.

Pronounced "Don Kee-ke-tee."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the correct pronunciation of "Don Quixote"? R. D.



By Martin Green.

A Set of Rules Framed Up for that Arbitration Conference.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the International Arbitration Conference at Mohonk Lake is going to call a congress to consider the adoption of a code of rules for the general conduct of warfare upon the sea."

"Now wouldn't that make you feel as though you had been slapped on the wrist!" ejaculated the Man Higher Up. "When the arbitration boosters have their way a battle at sea will be a thing to run excursions to. The rules will be something like this:

"First—All sailors must wear evening dress after 6 o'clock.

"Second—All battles shall be advertised in the daily papers of the conflicting powers for six months in advance.

"Third—The sleeping quarters of the crew must be furnished with brass beds and the windows must be equipped with lace curtains.

"Fourth—Nothing shall be eaten by officers or crew that shall have a brutalizing influence. Fruit and vegetables shall predominate on the menus.

"Fifth—As the time for battle approaches the ships must not come closer to each other than six nautical miles.

"Sixth—By prearranged agreement the commander of one of the fleets shall visit the other and fix the time for starting hostilities.

"Seventh—At a given signal the crews of the combatant ships shall load into small boats all the cannon balls, shells, guns, knives, pistols, razors, clubs, axes, saws, boxing gloves and other deadly weapons and convey them to the ships of the enemy.

"Eighth—The side effecting the transfer of warlike munitions first shall be declared the winner unless it can be shown that the sailors got their hands blistered or their feet wet."

"That would be a foolish way to run a sea fight," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"It wouldn't be any more foolish than any other rules looking to ending of wars," replied the Man Higher Up. "When the Ruler of the Universe determined to drive Lucifer out of Heaven He didn't use any arbitration. He armed the Archangel Michael with a flaming sword and inaugurated the first battle in history."

The Gook.

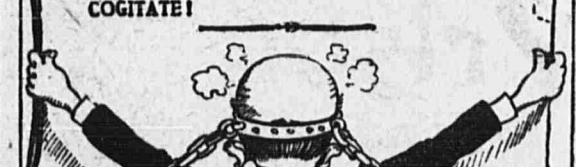
IDIOTIC PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

Don't Dog-Whip The Children.
Why Should You, When Axes Are So Cheap?
(Copyright, 1934, by the Press Pub. Co.)

Science tells us that WHIPPING BRUTALIZES CHILDREN. Whereas NO child that was ever corrected by a GATLING GUN (wielded by firm yet tender hands) EVER afterward showed ANY tendencies to become a brute. Let the teachers who would restore the rod to the public schools THINK over this fact before they plan to BRUTALIZE infant minds and CALLOUSIZE infant anatomies.

A BASEBALL BAT, an AXE or even a SLEDGE-HAMMER are severe enough weapons of correction when the little dears REALLY NEED CORRECTION. Do not HUMILIATE the darlings by BRUTAL FLOGGING WITH A DOG-WHIP. Dog-whipping will only teach them to BARK and give them a yearning for the GROWLER.

If the Gatling or the axe do not work the desired reform, set the little ones to READING OUR GOOKS. When they have once formed the GOOK HABIT their brutality will VANISH. FARETICS ARE NEVER brutal. A smudge-bound GOOKERY BOOK will be presented to the FIRST housekeeper who tries the above suggestion. COGITATE!



Where Women Vote.

In Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho women have equal suffrage with men.

Women can vote on school and municipal matters in Kansas.

In the following States women have school suffrage: Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Oregon, Massachusetts, New York, Vermont, Illinois, Connecticut, Nevada, Wisconsin, Washington, Arizona, Montana, New Jersey, North Dakota, South Dakota and Ohio.

Montana and Iowa permit women to vote on the issuing of municipal bonds.

Women taxpayers in Louisiana may vote on questions of public expenditure.

Equal suffrage with men has been defeated in Kansas, New Hampshire, South Dakota, Oregon and Washington.

Women vote for local officers in Great Britain, but no for Members of Parliament.

To Obtain Silence.

Herbert Spencer used in his later years to pay visits to Grant Allen, the writer, between whom and himself there existed a great friendship. On one occasion he went provided with two curious objects tied behind his ears. These were excited the curiosity of the company. Their purpose was soon disclosed, for whenever the conversation took a turn which did not interest him the distinguished visitor pulled the things over his ears, and so obtained silence within himself. He called them ear clips.

What Proverb Is This?

